METROPOLITAN SCENES.

Glimpses of Loafing Life Revealed in the Streets of New York.

In a street through which I pass daily some old buildings were recently torn down. A plank causeway was built over the sidewalk while the cellar was being excavated. Foul weather or fair, this bridge would be packed with idlers until one had often to take the other side of the way in despair of forcing a passage. There was nothing to be seen at best but a lot of Irishmen and Italians digging dirt and weary cart-horses hauling it away. In wet weather the work was suspended. But in the wettest weather, when the rain was pouring in pailfulls, the bridge would still have its unresting force collected, in a triple rank of wide-eyed stupidity, immersed in the absorbing employment of looking at some muddy puddles down in a pit. One streaming morning, when the icy rain was freezing as it fell, I asked a man whose overcoat had been turned into a sheet of mail by the congealing downpour, what he was looking at so earnestly. He replied, in a hoarse and awful tone of voice, nodding at the pit the while:

"They're diggin' a sullar."

"Well," said I, "what if they are?"

"It's too wet for 'em to work," he responded, irrelevantly, but solemnly.

It was not too wet for him to remain on guard over the deserted digging, though, and I left him, one of the many who were gradually stiffening into icy petrifaction for the pleasure of doing nothing, or not being called upon to think while they were doing it.

I have a friend of the clubs—as mad a wag as ever lived when the humor of his before-dinner absinthe is upon him. We were crossing a public square, one balmy evening last spring; six o'clock had just been screeched at us by every factory whistle within hearing, and the sidewalks were aswarm.

"I'll lay you the dinners," said my *arceur*, "that I can create a riot here inside of five minutes."

He stopped at the public drinking fountain, and took up the tin-cup that was chained to it. The passers-by stared a little to see so elegant a gentleman stop to drink at a common fount of cheap refreshment. Several halted, after going on a few paces, to look back. He filled the cup deliberately. The waiting several had become a score. He raised the cup slowly toward his lips. The score grew to fifty. Suddenly he dashed the water into the basin and filled the cup again, only to empty it untouched. By this time we were encircled by so many people that they could not be counted, and I could hear such observations and inquiries all around us as:

"He'll drink it this time."

"Bet you the drinks he don't."

"Must be dirty."

"What is it?"

"May be the cup leaks."

"He must be some crank."

"What ails him, anyhow?"

"May be common water isn't good enough for him."

There was also addressed to him, through this running fire of comment, many more or less friendly and disinterested suggestions and instructions, like:

"Wrench the cup out," from a motherly fat woman, poking her umbrella at him.

"Have a stick in it," by a man with a shiny black hat and a shiny red nose.

"Tell the waiter to open another bottle."

This sally, which proceeded from a young man in cross-barred trousers, with a very large and massive cane, which he carried like a yardstick, was hailed with such applause that a park policeman found himself called upon to interfere, whereupon my friend buried the cup into the basin with an expression of the face indicative of great disgust and loathing, and shoved his way out of the crowd as quickly as he could. We could hear the roar of voices and the sharp rapping of the policeman's club when we turned into the restaurant, a block and more away; and I learned by the papers next day that the shiny red nose and the shiny black hat slept in a station-house cell on a general charge of disorderly conduct and the utterance of murderous threats against some person or persons unknown. —*Cor. Boston Budget.*

SAVE YOUR TEETH.

Some Valuable Suggestions That Are Well Worth Trying.

"What should a man use to clean his teeth?" asked a reporter of a well-known dentist recently.

"Nothing but water. There are more good teeth ruined by so-called dentifrices than by all other causes in the world put together. The object of the makers of these dentifrices is, of course, to produce a preparation that will, with very little rubbing of the brush, make the teeth look perfectly clean and white. To accomplish this they put pumice stone, and sometimes strong alkalies, in their preparations. Pumice stone will unquestionably take all the enamel with it. An alkali will make a yellow tooth look white in a few seconds, but before a week has passed it will have eaten away nearly all the enamel and utterly destroyed the tooth.

"In walking along the street you often see a 'fakir,' by way of advertising his patent dentifrices, call a small boy from the crowd near by, and opening the boy's mouth, rub the dentifrice on his dirty teeth, and in a minute almost takes off all the tartar and makes the teeth look perfectly pure and white. Now, a man like that fakir ought to be arrested, for he has forever destroyed the boy's teeth. His preparation, composed of a powerful alkali, is eating away the enamel of the boy's teeth, and in a few months the boy will not have a sound tooth in his head. The dentifrices, composed chiefly of pumice stone, are not as bad as those containing an alkali, because they will not destroy the teeth so quickly; but, if used habitually, they will certainly destroy them in the end. I should advise any man by all means to use no dentifrice of any description, unless it be prepared chalk. If this is used not oftener than once a week it will not injure the teeth, and may help to cleanse them, but it should on no account be used every day. Orris root does the teeth no harm and gives a pleasant odor to the breath, and if all our dentifrices were composed simply of orris root and prepared chalk they would be harmless enough, if not beneficial.

"My own plan is to use a moderately hard brush and plenty of cold water, and nothing else, and my teeth are in excelent condition. If people would only pick their teeth carefully after each meal, making sure that not the slightest particle of food remains near the gums or between the teeth, and would, also, before retiring at night, run a piece of soft thread through their teeth, they would not have any necessity for a dentifrice. Of course, sweetmeats and candies are bad for the teeth; so is smoking, or taking very hot or cold drinks; but, bad as all these undoubtedly are, I really think the worst enemy the tooth has is the so-called dentifrice. Take the advice of a dentist and never use any thing for your teeth but a brush and good cold water."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

THE HOTTEST DAYS.

General Greely Tells When a Vacation Should be Taken.

The incomes and conditions of the greater part of the American people forbid their leaving permanent homes for any considerable length of time, and to such classes it is a matter of great and sometimes vital importance to know exactly what period of the year should be chosen, so that they shall obtain the greatest relief from extreme temperature during their brief summer outing. It too frequently happens that men and women having but a week's vacation are tempted by the first heated term to take it at that time, long before the maximum summer heat prevails. The sun is nearest the earth at the summer solstice, the 21st of June, but the amount of heat received by day continues greater than that radiated by night for a considerable period after the solstice, reaching its maximum when the amounts received from the sun by day and radiated into space by night are equal. It goes without saying that the hottest single day, or even the hottest three days, for any summer can not be absolutely foretold, since this period may be slightly advanced or retarded by violent atmospheric changes in the shape of severe storms. The series of observations made by the signal service of the army have been continued for such a number of years that we can, however, speak with certain confidence, based on the normal daily temperatures, as to the dates on which the three hottest days should fall. While these dates vary in different sections of the country, it is sufficiently within the scope of this article to say that the hottest three days east of the Mississippi river should occur between the 12th and 17th of July. If, therefore, any single week is to be taken with the hope of escaping from extreme summer heat, it should commence not later than the 10th of July. * * * Travel and residence in the extreme western part of the United States are most objectionable on account of summer heat from the 15th of July to the 15th of August.—*General A. W. Greely, in Scribner's Magazine.*

CARE OF THE HAIR.

Simple Directions for Securing a Strong and Healthy Growth.

The hair should be washed only when absolutely necessary for purposes of cleanliness, and should not be wet when dressing it for the day. The frequent use of water removes the natural oil from the hair, rendering it harsh and increasing the tendency to split. The ends of the hair should be clipped every four or five weeks, thus keeping it free from split ends. If the hair is uneven, cut to an even length and continue the clipping. But beyond this, the secret is in the free use of the hair brush; as often as one finds time, the hair should be well brushed—until the scalp glows, and while brushing, at least once a day give as many as one hundred and fifty strokes of the brush. This requires but a few minutes, if given rapidly, and is not too many for a head of soft shining tresses.

When it becomes necessary to wash the hair take the yelk of an egg, slightly beaten, and rub well into the roots; when nearly dry rinse the head in tepid water, into which is poured a very few drops of amomnia. Then, by the fire, rub the hair with towls until perfectly dry, brush and part the hair with the fingers. The egg renders the hair fine and silken and the ammonia promotes its growth. Or, instead of the egg use sage tea; put two or three spoonfuls of sage into a cup and pour boiling water over it. When the tea is cold rub the scalp with it and rinse as above. The hair brushes used should be of the best kind, with good bristles, which penetrate to the scalp. Do not use wire brushes, they break the hair and injure the roots. Plenty of exercise in the open air and sunshine strengthens the hair and makes it grow. This proves that nature's remedies are always the best.—*Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

Silence is Golden.

They were sitting in an easy chair out on the porch.

He—Darling.

She—Darling.

He—Sweet.

She—Sweet.

He—Precious—precious.

She—Precious—ah, but, George, dear, do not let us disturb the solemn stillness—the wide silence of the night, with conversation.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A portion of the City of Virginia, Nev., is said to be "an animated mass of rising and falling earth." In most Western cities land simply rises; it never falls, if we may believe the reports of land boomers, who pay $1,000 for a piece of land one day and raise it to $5,000 the next.—*Norristown Herald.*

—All stock that do not have the advantages of the pasture should be given a meal of grass or milky food at least once a day.

THE PLAYFUL CYCLONE.

An Unostentatious Visitor Which Never Announces Its Coming.

The cyclone is a variety of patent ventilator found in different parts of the Northwest, and the genuine article can always be told by the peculiar trade-mark on it. When one of those giddy zephyrs caresses a town, said town is very well advertised, but when it is all over and the natives begin to creep out of the tree tops, where they have lodged, and cyclone pits, and begin to dig mud out of their ears and hunt around for a missing finger, etc., there is nothing but the advertisement and an aching void (patented) left. The voluptuous ease with which an eighteen carat cyclone saturates a town with climate and splatters it over the surrounding scenery has been remarked by all who have seen one (from a distance). It is very difficult to study their habits with any success, and those who make a special study of them rarely enjoy robust health or live to a great age; in fact, they are generally *non est* after they have studied one very closely. Whenever a cyclone visits a town, you may be sure it is a surprise party; it never announces its coming, but quietly and unostentatiously it comes stealing over our senses, tying our legs in a double bow knot back of our neck and blowing our false teeth down our throat. Once I met a cyclone. If I had known it was coming I should have been somewhere else, but it wasn't telegraphed me so I got in the way. Strange to say, it didn't stop or go around, but came straight on. After I had untangled myself and swallowed my tobacco, I found I was about three hundred yards above ground. That didn't worry me much; I was bothered about how to get down, though.

In my highest flights of imagination I had never pictured myself as a transcendent being, clothed in a pair of grease-paint eyebrows and a false complexion, performing wonderful evolutions, or as a superb creature, embellished in a pair of cotton tights putting my foot down my throat, but up there in that fragrant atmosphere, with the eye of no man upon me, I did things, which down on terra firma, in my sober reason I should never have dreamed of. I have always admired beautiful scenery, and there was a beautiful panorama spread out beneath me, but I was occupied with several trifling matters and didn't pay particular attention to it. I was wondering what part of the panorama I would light on, how I would unravel myself when I lit, and whether there would be enough of me left to identify; and I was trying to catch my breath and keep my golden tresses from blowing off. I finally lit, and will stay so. I don't intend to travel with a cyclone any more. Its breath is too strong.—*Been There, in Texas Sift nas.*

RESTRICTION OF DIET.

Ancient and Modern Ideas of Treating Disease Without Drugs.

The almost immediate and extremely powerful effects of starvation upon both body and mind were naturally calculated to render modifications of diet a matter of great interest in the treatment of disease. The fact that the appetite is curiously modified in many affections was thought at an early date to furnish important indications as to the way the case should be treated. Some thought they saw in loss of appetite a notice that nature repeled nourishment and that food would surely do harm. Others thought that this was exactly what nature did not intend to be understood as saying. As a matter of fact, each case has to be studied and treated on its individual merits. In the essential fevers, where the waste and destruction of the body is going on at a frightful degree of rapidity, there can be no question at the present day as to the value of systematic feeding. In many chronic affections, especially those involving the liver and kidneys, there can be as little question as to the utility—nay, necessity—of limiting the diet, especially regarding certain foods.

The remarkable effects of fasting upon the nervous system are among the reasons for its employment as a substitute for drugs. It is well known that if any individual will abstain from all food for a comparatively limited period—say three to six days and nights—especially if to the fasting is added loss of sleep (vigil), the senses become the subject of the most extraordinary deceptions. Visions are seen, and communications from the world beyond the tomb are heard, while manifestations still more extraordinary are reported by those who have undergone repeated vigils and fastings. It is only those of the most sensitive nervous organization who experience the most extraordinary of these.

Among the most ancient of the methods of treating disease by special modes of diet is the so-called grape cure, which may be traced in history since the days of Moses. In the time of Nero, the curative virtues of grapes were highly lauded by one of the best medical writers whose works have come down to us. But grapes were not the only fruits given with a view to their medicinal effects. In the Middle Ages, we find mention of maniacs cured by a diet of cherries, while strawberries are credited with having effected many wonderful cures. Later, in the course of our civil war, a diet of ripe peaches has often succeeded, after all medication had failed to cure the obstinate bowel troubles so common among the volunteer soldiers.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

BUNCO MEN WANTED.

The Ghost Art Trust (Limited) Advertises for a Few More Representatives.

This organization, which is now ready for business, respectfully asks for a share of the patronage of a confiding public.

Special rates given to the marines.

Towns supplied with pictures, ancient and modern, while you wait. A commodious art temple given with every order.

Speaking likenesses taken by the patent spook process—when the conditions are right.

P. S.—The conditions have a way of being wrong when persons of a sane and inquiring turn of mind present themselves.

We employ only "Sweet by and by" artists who understand their trade. Ask to see our full-length portraits of Shem, Ham and Japheth. One hundred dollars to any person who can prove that the portraits of this trio are not life-like.

This is a fine opportunity for enterprising cities and villages in the interior to become art centers at prices to suit the times.

A clever and hard-working spirit has been secured who makes a specialty of materializing neat triple-gilt frames.

All applications for spook chromos will be disregarded. Our mediums have information that the high-toned and sensitive spirits with whom they are associated in this branch of industry would strike if called upon to evolve chromos.

Ladies and gentlemen proposing to deal with us would do well to procure a certificate from a trustworthy physician that they were "born so."

Confidence men wanted in every county. No connection with any other green-goods emporium. Beware of counterfeits. Be sure that all canvases bear our trademark—a horse-leech rampant, gull couchant over the legend Thephoolsarenotalldeadyet.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SHOEING HORSES.

The Method Recently Adopted by the United States Government.

A recent order from army headquarters gives the following directions for shoeing cavalry horses, and rescinds all previous regulations on the subject conflicting therewith:

"In preparing the horse's foot for the shoe, do not touch with the knife the frog, sole or bars. In removing surplus growth of that part of the foot which is the "seat of the shoe," use the cutting pinchers and rasp, and not the knife. The shoeing knife may be used, if necessary, in fitting the toe clip. 'Opening the heels' or making a cut into the angle of the wall at the heel must not be allowed. The rasp may be used upon this part of the foot when necessary, and the same applies to the pegs. No cutting with a knife is permitted, the rasp alone whe nnecessary. 'Flat-footed horses' should be treated as the necessity of each case may require. 'In forging the shoe to fit the foot,' be careful that the shoe is fitted to and follows the circumference of the foot clear round to the heels; the heels of the shoe should not be extended back straight and outside of the walls at the heels of the horse's foot, as is frequently done. Care must be used that the shoe is not fitted too small, the outside surface of the walls being then rasped down to make the foot short to suit the shoe, as often happens. Heat may be used in preparing and shaping the shoe, but the hot shoe must not be applied to the horse's foot under any circumstances. Make the upper or foot surface of the shoe perfectly flat, so as to give a level bearing. A shoe with a concave ground surface should be used."

These are the results of an investigation made by a board of officers at Jefferson Barracks for the express purpose of reporting upon the best method of horse-shoeing for the army.—*N. Y. Sun.*

FLEECING FARMERS.

The Latest Game Devised by Professional Sharpers.

The latest scheme invented by confidence sharpers for fleecing unwary farmers is being worked in certain districts. A plausible, well-dressed fellow drives up to a farmer's house in a wagon which contains two or three of the cheaper kinds of machine hayforks. The stranger asks the privilege of temporarily storing the forks in the farmer's barn, and the accommodating farmer gives permission. After the forks are stored away the sharper remarks that they are the last of a large lot that he has been peddling through the neighboring country, and he is anxious to close out the consignment; if the farmer will sell one or more of the forks while they are temporarily stored in his barn he shall have fifty per cent. commission on the sale. The offer is a tempting one, and the farmer accepts. He is then requested, merely as a business form, to affix his signature to a document specifying the terms on which the forks are stored on his premises. The farmer signs the lengthy, printed document without reading it, perhaps, or, if read, without understanding its contents, and at the expiration of thirty days is astonished by finding himself called upon by a third party to pay outright an exorbitant price for the forks. When he kicks he is shown his signature attached to an agreement, which agreement, his lawyer tells him, is drawn in good legal form. In two recent cases, where the game was successfully played, the victims suffered to the extent of $225 and $300.

Almost a Tragedy.

Dramatis Personæ—Mr. and Mrs. Tantrum, who have quarreled. Mrs. Tantrum discovered by her husband with a cup in her hand and a woe-begone expression upon her face.

He—Unhappy woman! What would you?

She—Unhand me, sir!

He unhands her.

He—What have you in that cup?

She—R-r-r-at POISON!

He—I knew it! I felt it in my bones. Wretched woman, forbear; do not plunge us into deeper misery.

She—I am decided to do this deed. I am tired of——

He—Stay! I relent! You may have the bonnet! It comes high, but they all do.

She—Do I hear aright?

He—By the sword of my grandmother, yes; pour out the poison.

She—Oh, no, my love; I shall use it as I intended to do.

"S' death, woman! how?"

"To poison rats."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The bedstead which Queen Victoria carries with her on her travels was recently delivered by mistake at the stage door of a theater.

PITH AND POINT

—De homelies' cask may be full ob de bes' cidah.—*Judge.*

—Better have your heart in your work and eight acres, than a quarter-section and be at odds with your occupation.

—In writing a letter inclosing a subscription you may write on both sides of the paper if you want to.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Jars concealed are half reconciled; while, as generally known, 'tis a double task to stop the breach at home and men's mouths abroad.

—A man may outlive a bad reputation, but he can not permanently sustain a good one by continuous fraud, dissimulation and hypocrisy.

—"He that steals an egg will steal an ox," and he that will leave a pint of water in the milk can when rinsing it will steal a cheese factory.

—A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent; a kind eye makes contradiction an assent; an enraged eye makes beauty deformed.—*Addison.*

—A man is rarely found who kicks when his name is misspelled in the police-court record of a newspaper. This is a notable exception to the rule.—*Augusta (Me.) Journal.*

—The Chinaman has come down in his laundry prices. And yet some editors continue to wear their coats buttoned up to their chins. The eccentricities of genius will never be understood.

—Let us not forget that education should go together with legislation, and that as the latter without the former can not be intelligent, so the former without the latter can not be efficient.—*M. R. Winter.*

—What has he done? That was Napoleon's test. What have you done? Turn up the faces of your picture cards! You need not make mouths at the public because it has not accepted you at your own fancy value.—*Lowell.*

—"My dear," said a lady to her husband, as she was looking over the newspaper, "what are preferred creditors?" "They are the—the—the creditors who never send in their bills. Leastways, that's the kind that I prefer."—*London Echo.*

—Irresolution is a worse vice than rashness. He that shoots best may sometimes miss the mark, but he that shoots not at all can never hit it. Irresolution loosens all the joints of a state; like an ague, it shakes not this nor that limb, but all the body is at once in a fit. The irresolute man is lifted from one place to another, so hatcheth nothing, but addles all his actions.—*Felltham.*

—A common trouble with us all is that we fail in our business because we think little of it. No man truly succeeds in any calling who has a poor opinion of it. No man has a good opinion of his business who uses it only to make money out of it. No man can have the best conception of his business who does not esteem it for its usefulness.

—"There seems to be nothing in the market," said Mrs. Hendricks, despairingly, to the widow Jenkins, who had "just dropped in" for a moment. "I'm worried to death to know what to get for—" "Why, ma," interrupted Bobby, who was laboriously penciling his name on the wall, "I heard you say that Mrs. Jenkins was in the market."—*Harper's Bazar.*

BONELESS SHAD.

How to Extract the Skeleton of a Fish Before Cooking It.

"After all, this is just about the finest fish that swims," said a Quincy market-dealer the other morning, as he laid upon the scales a big shad that made the indicator jump around to the seven-pound notch.

"So far as flavor is concerned," replied the customer, "it is certainly unequaled, but the bones are a serious drawback."

The fishmonger smiled. "If you don't like the bones," he remarked, "why don't you take them out before you cook the shad?"

"You are joking. It would not be possible without pulling the fish to shreds."

"You are quite mistaken, I assure you. If you like I will bone this one for you. Watch me closely, and next time you will be able to do it for yourself. You see, I have already spread the fish out flat, as if for broiling, by dividing the back with a knife from the head to the tail. After disemboweling it I cut off the tail and head, and then inserting my knife as carefully as possible beneath the backbone I dissect it out, as the doctors would say, from the flesh, together with the ribs and smaller bones attached to it. If this is properly done nearly the whole of the bony system will have been removed, when the belly and other useless portions are cut away. Nothing now remains, you perceive, but the edible part of the shad, ready for the gridiron. For, of course, boned shad must be broiled. Scarcely a scrap of meat has been thrown away, and all the bones are taken out, save only two or three rows of little ones that can be readily withdrawn from between the longitudinal flakes. The shad's skeleton is far more elaborate in structure than that of any other fish, and the difficulty of performing this operation upon it is proportionately greater. With a mackerel or cod there is comparatively little trouble. Here is your shad now, sir, without a bone in it. It is a delicacy, I will venture to say, that you have never seen upon any body's table."

Since the writer's interview with the marketman he has tried the process once himself, and with some success. There were, perhaps, half a dozen stray spines scattered through the fish when it came upon the festive board, but to all intents and purposes it was a boneless shad, and those who ate it pronounced it simply immense.

A suggestion in regard to the proper method of carving fish may not be mal-apropos. The usual style of cutting it in transverse sections is highly objectionable, because it results in giving to each person the maximum number of broken bones. The proper way is to run the knife along parallel with the back, separating the flakes gingerly from the osseous frame-work.—*Boston Letter.*

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

A GRANDMOTHER WANTED.

I've the dearest of papas and the sweetest of mammas,
And a darling little birdie that the finest songs can sing.
And a cunning dog and cat; but I've wanted something else
Ever since the time I knew enough to wish for any thing.

And that's a silver-haired dear old lady, who to all
The children, whether rich or poor, says pleasantly: "My dear,"
Who can lots of stories tell, and a lot of rhymes repeat.
And *never* is too busy all the news I bring to hear.

Oh, how lovely it would be in the summer-time to see
Her sitting in the garden when the sky was bright and blue,
Or in winter by the fire, humming hymn tunes very softly
While knitting scarlet stockings for—I guess you can guess who!

It really don't seem right that I never should have one,
When almost all the girls I know have two, and some have three;
So if there should be any dear old grandmother a-wanting
A loving little granddaughter, why, let her come to me.

—*Margaret Eytinge, in Harper's Young People.*

RAIN CLOUDS.

The Phenomena of Evaporation and Condensation—How Water Is Drawn into the Air and Why It Descends.

Did you ever stop to think, when you looked out of the window and saw dull, gray clouds from which the rain was so steadily pouring, and which seemed to shut in the world all around, that, in reality, they extended over a very small part of the country; that somewhere else, perhaps only twenty or thirty or a hundred miles away, the sun was shining, and all was bright and beautiful? This is really the case. For storms, however long and dreary, do not extend over many miles; and though it always is raining at some place in the world, yet always and at the same time it is pleasant somewhere else. Now, let us see why this is.

Suppose that on a warm summer afternoon we were to bring a pitcher of clear, cool water, fresh from the well, and to place it on the table in the dining-room. Now, no matter how carefully we may have dried the pitcher before bringing it in, we shall discover, if we watch closely, that the outside soon becomes wet or misty; and that the mist grows heavier and gathers into drops and perhaps even runs down the pitcher to the table.

Now, where does this water come from? Not through the sides of the pitcher, that is impossible; but from the air. We can not see it, perhaps, but still it is there in the state of vapor. How came it there? Did you ever notice, after a rain, how in a short time the puddles became dry, and how the moisture disappeared from the grass and leaves, as soon as the sun shone out and the wind blew? Or, did you ever notice that if you left a pan of water out-of-doors the water each day grew less and less, until all was gone and the pan dry?

All the water that was in the puddles, on the grass and leaves (except that which soaked into the ground) and in the pan, was taken up as vapor into the air—has "evaporated," as we say. The same thing happens when water boils, only it then evaporates more rapidly, and we can see the vapor arising as steam. If you live near a river, or in a country where there are brooks, perhaps you can see this evaporation actually taking place. Get up early some morning, before the sun rises, and look out toward the river. You may see a long line of mist or fog, like a big, white cloud, hanging over the water. Now, this mist is only the water evaporating from the river and is just now visible as fog because the air is cool. And the sun has shone, the air becomes warmed and the fog disappears, but the evaporation goes on, nevertheless. Indeed, it is going on continually, and all over the earth; so that if the water were not returned to us as rain, snow and dew, all the oceans, lakes and rivers would in time dry up and disappear. All the trees, grass and plants would then wither, and our beautiful land would become as dry and parched as the great desert Sahara. * * * * *

Having learned how the water is drawn into the air, let us see how and why it comes down again as rain or snow or dew.

There is a singular thing about this moisture, which is this: the air will hold only a certain quantity of it, and that quantity depends upon the temperature of the air. But warm air always holds more than cold; so, however warm the air may be, or however much moisture it may contain as invisible vapor, we have only to cool it enough and the vapor *condenses*, as we say; that is, it becomes visible, first as fog or mist, and then as drops of water, such as we see on the pitcher. And the reason we see a white fog rising at night, after the sun goes down, is only because the water, which has been evaporating all day and going up into the air as invisible vapor, becomes condensed to fog by the cooling of the air when the sun's heat is withdrawn. When the sun rises, the fog disappears; but the vapor still ascends, and when it reaches the altitude where the air is always cool, it becomes condensed again as fog, only it is then called "clouds." And if it becomes condensed enough to form in drops of water, they fall, and it "rains;" or, perhaps, it snows, for snow is but frozen rain.—*George P. Merrill, in St. Nicholas.*

TEDDY'S GARDENING.

Why He Planted Canary-Bird Seeds, and How He Got His Wish.

Last spring Teddy was as busy as a beaver helping grandpa make the garden. He helped grandma sort over the little packages in the seed-box, too; and he asked a good many questions while he was about it.

"What're these, grammaa?" he asked once; "these funny black ones?"

Grandma put on her spectacles. May be Teddy bothered her more than he helped, but she wouldn't have said so for any thing.

"Those are watermelon seeds," she answered. "We'll plant them and raise some melons, dearie."

Pretty soon Teddy came to another little packet he didn't know about. The seeds were not a bit like any he had found before.

"Oh, what are these ones?" he cried, holding out the tiny package.

"Why," said grandma, after she had looked a minute, "that is some of your Aunt Ellen's canary-bird seed. I don't know how it came in here, I'm sure; but I guess we won't plant any of it."

Grandma laughed, but Teddy looked down seriously at the small handful of shiny seeds. He thought of Robbie Gray's pretty yellow canary. In a minute his eyes began to sparkle.

"May—may I have 'em, grammaa?" he asked, eagerly.

"I don't care," said grandma, kindly; and she thought no more about it until, by and by, five o'clock came, and she called Teddy in to eat his supper.

"What has my little man been up to all this afternoon?" she asked, smiling down at him. "You mustn't work too hard, dear."

"No'm, I won't," answered Teddy, his happy blue eyes shining. "O gramma, I—I've been planting my canary-bird seeds, and—and I just hope there will be one yellow one, like Robbie Gray's, gramma!"

"What *do* you mean?" asked grandma; and then, all in a minute, she knew. She couldn't quite hide the twinkling smile in her eyes, though she tried, because she knew, too, that Teddy didn't like to be laughed at. "Dear child," said she, taking the small gardener on her lap, "I didn't mean that you could raise canaries from the seed. It was what your Aunt Ellen used to give her birds to eat."

"O-oh!" said Teddy, hanging his head. He felt the least bit ashamed, but there were tears in his eyes all the same. "I—I wanted one like Robbie's," he said, "and you said 'bout the watermelon seed, you know, gramma, and the canary-bird seed, and I didn't think—I thought—I"—

"Well, never mind," said grandma, kissing him. "We won't think any more about it, anyway."

But she did think more about it, for the very next week, when grandpa went to town with butter and eggs, he brought back a pretty cage, with a yellow canary in it which looked so much like Robbie Gray's that you couldn't tell them apart, unless you knew. And grandma wasn't a bit surprised.—*Youth's Companion.*

WORTHY OF RESPECT.

A Girl of True Moral Courage and Independence of Character.

The Boston *Advertiser* contained a letter, recently, written by a Vassar student, from which we give an extract:

"Some of the girls who come to Vassar are as helpless as babes. They are the daughters of millionaires, and never brushed their own hair or sewed a button on their boots in their lives. They are only too glad to have some one do these things for them, and that is how the poorer girls make pocket money. Last year a pretty, blue-eyed girl came to college, and stated during the first week that her tuition and board were paid by a kind relative, every penny for dress, car fare and the thousand and one little incidentals she must earn herself.

"Soon after her arrival the following announcement appeared on her door:

"'Gloves and shoes neatly mended for ten cents each.

"'Breakfast brought up for ten cents.

"'Hair brushed each night for twenty-five cents a week.

"'Beds made up at ten cents a week.'

"That little freshman made just one hundred and fifty dollars the first year, and that paid all of her expenses, and a good part of her tuition fees."

Now, any girl reading the above knows the pluck, the independence, necessary for a girl to do what this little "freshman" did. The physical strength needed to accomplish this extra work bore no relation to the moral courage necessary to take such a position among her companions. Every girl knows the value placed upon money by school-girls, even when they become college girls, and the one who would have the courage to become in a sense the maid and seamstress of a classmate for the sake of earning money to pay her expenses deserves the honor, respect and admiration of every American girl. Such a girl will make her mark, and win the highest position for which she aims. Nothing paltry or mean could touch such a girl! What a help she must be to timid ones who are overcome and overawed by evidences of wealth! She makes it possible by her courage to ignore the false standards that prevail even in colleges, and helps her fellow-students to stand on the only platform that is safe and sound—the duty to make the most of one's powers, independent of conventional impediments. Such a girl honors her whole country as well as the college which claims her as a student.—*Christian Union.*

Keeping vs. Making.

"Girls," said grandmother to us one day, "my grandmother used to tell me that 'one keep clean is worth half a dozen make cleans.'" This bit of wisdom is a universal truth. No one can appreciate the value of this fact unless she has experienced some of the discomfort produced by a habit of letting dust accumulate, letting little odd jobs go until chaos itself is represented in many parts of the house.—*Christian at Work.*

—A demure, quaint little maiden, daughter of one of our prominent young physicians, is unfortunate in having that irritating illness, chicken-pox. One evening, while restless and a loving mamma endeavored to soothe the unquiet nerves, she looked up and said: "Mamma, the chickens are picking the hen dreadfully." Could the most carefully-composed sentence be more expressive of discomfort?—*Boston Transcript.*

—Could any thing be neater than an old darkey's reply to a beautiful young lady who he offered to lift over the gutter: "Lor, missus," said he, "I'a used to lifting barrels of sugar."